

This morning your vital signs  
and mine measured  
on the expert's table;  
legs anchored into stirrups,  
my torso a clumsy vessel  
he has wired for sound.

I drop a depth charge into your space  
and do not hear the old songs  
in the sound of your pulse  
as it plumbs me  
for a rhythm, for something  
unalterable.

Magnifying The Light  
Through A Glass In Winter

Here in this place to which  
the light comes traveling  
a long way through the threads,  
the houses are black knots.  
It is the shape of the planet  
weaving itself into a blanket.

Inside the circle of light  
you have been aiming, the addresses  
multiply and come closer.  
You inherit your neighbor's suit,  
a bright cloth against despair;  
like burnt string  
it holds its shape  
until you try to wear it.

Your message to him  
a kiss  
dammed up against the glass.  
A reservoir  
the fish have abandoned  
is collecting old shells,  
like a history of carbon, long after  
the bodies have gone  
into their new jewels.

On shore, the rats are taking  
their instruments  
to your garden.

No hope now of sleep  
beneath the warm blanket,  
ignoring the winter light  
like a bear.

It is the way the bruises go on  
drinking up the darkness  
that scares you,  
the teeth  
larger than your life,  
the fibres breaking,  
the shape of the planet.

-- Susan Sonde

Bowie MD

griffith park

Three Girls With Dogs  
could be the title of an oil  
or a french postcard  
but no there they are  
real as lizards on a rock  
reptillian eyes dreaming of hawks  
my blood drunk with the sun  
i slither over the grass  
trying to spread my wings

father

fashion me boots  
with hungry soles  
cut from the thickest  
night

give me a staff  
of muscled thorn  
carved from the winter  
stars

show me a path  
with the sun on my right  
a way that is dusted  
with wheat

fill my tin cup  
with copper coins  
minted from the honey  
moon